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Judge

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THE TIDE OF PROSPERITY IS RISING.

Judge

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PRINCE HENRI got his injury in the locality of the solar plexus, too.

* * *

MR. LANGTRY must not sue for a divorce. Has he no regard for the peace of several nations?

* * *

GREAT BRITAIN sends word to India that she can have all the starvation she wants, but insurrection will be sternly prohibited.

* * *

THE SHEEPSKIN won by the negro girl recently graduated from Vassar is evidence enough that her intellect has the proper complexion.

* * *

THE BOMB-THROWER is a low, mean fellow. We don't believe he would throw a bomb at the sultan if he thought he could hit him.

* * *

IF ENGLAND will kindly loan us a few of her dry-docks for our large war-vessels, we do assure her that she can have a fight in twenty minutes.

* * *

THE ANARCHISTS who are leaving Europe for this country will throw no bombs. All they want is the privilege of talking the country to death.

* * *

THE DENIAL of the story that thirty-five years ago Tecumseh Sherman wanted to hang Whitelaw Reid has relieved a great deal of public apprehension.

* * *

IF IT HAD been planned that Faure and the kaiser should go together to give their love to Nicholas, we feel sure that Faure would have carried his own bomb.

* * *

THE CONSTITUTION of the nation, according to a populist judge, is itself unconstitutional. Apparently this man wants to be an anarchist and shoot somebody.

* * *

SOMEBODY says this country has universities enough. But that isn't the question. The question is, what shall our millionaires do with their superfluous money?

* * *

BUFFALO was so enthusiastic over the encampment of the grand army that even the penitentiary put out a flag of welcome; though, to be sure, not a veteran availed himself of its hospitality.

* * *

SPEAKING OF DUELS, it is a melancholy fact that any mention whatever of the late Crown-prince Rudolph must necessarily be an insult to Austria. Why, then, should Rudolph's memory be worth anybody's bloodshed?

* * *

GENERAL MILES has been to Europe, and the other day the secretary of war wasted an hour watching the president and vice-president play ten-pins. The patriot jingo sighs and inquires with great indignation, "What! shall there be no war?"

WELL NAMED.

REVEREND JOHNSON—"Whad yo' gwine toe name him, Mrs. Jackson?"

MRS. JACKSON—"I's gwine call him Klondike Gravel Jackson, 'cause it takes so much time toe wash an' cradle him."

THE ECSTASY OF SCORN.

"WERE WE VENGEFUL instead of noble," says a Havana newspaper, "Fitzhugh Lee would not be in the position he is now in, after his insults. He knows that the Spaniards do not regard him as a brave, important enemy in Cuba." The writer evidently intends the withering-contempt act. He gets himself with alacrity on a tall stool that he may look down upon the object of his scorn.

TOO MUCH HAPPINESS.

IN THIBET a woman can have five husbands, all of whom are obliged to work for her, and no matter what she does she is never punished. Miss Taxter says so, and Miss Taxter is asking women to go there and be happy. We must advise the emigrants to go quickly, because that state of things cannot last long. It is too much to expect that five husbands to a woman will not result in a bloody revolution.

LIKE PRODUCES LIKE.

BARBARISM invites barbarism. The torture of suspected men by the Spanish government is as worthy of the dark ages as the murder done by anarchists. Revolution in Cuba and the Philippines is a natural result of unjust taxation and bad government. Spain must modernize herself, and the first step is to take her hands off the peoples of other countries who have a right to govern themselves.

THE FUND BUSINESS.

THE DAUGHTERS of Mrs. Stowe rebuke the proposition of some newspaper to make them objects of charity. They insist that they are not paupers and are in need of no fund. The impertinence of some of the newspapers given to raising funds amounts to more than their goodness of heart. They are too infernally kind. A moderate income is not poverty. As William H. Vanderbilt once remarked, "A man worth a hundred thousand dollars is as well off as if he were rich."

A GOOD SIGN, ANYHOW.

THE BUSINESS ORGANIZATION of Richmond, Virginia, that invites the grand army to that town for its next encampment returns good for the evil of the refusal of the grand army to march with the confederates through our streets on the last fourth of July. The organization refuses, however, to drop the color line in behalf of the black veterans of the union cause, and the grand army avoids a great trouble and unpleasantness by going elsewhere. Nevertheless the invitation was right in line with progress and common sense.

MARRIAGE AS A BUSINESS MATTER.

A CLERGYMAN out west protests against the alleged fact that some of his brethren have dealings with hackmen who are appealed to by young couples to find men authorized to marry them, and that they actually have runners who infest boats and trains in search of matrimonial material. The evil ought to be stopped. Unless it is the time is not distant when a chromo will be given with every ceremony, when marriage will cost a dime and three marriages a quarter, and when for a certain amount a certain couple will be sent through Europe on that number of bicycles.

THE RIGHT OF INSULT.

IN BATAVIA recently a lawyer spoke of one reputable witness as a deliberate liar and of another as an infamous scoundrel. The Rochester *Democrat* declares that the privilege of a lawyer to thus slander decent men, and for that matter to browbeat witnesses, ought to be taken away, or the slandered persons ought to be protected by the court. This has been said very often, but the abuse goes right on. If these insults were to be resented in court the offending person would be fined for contempt of that institution; but the lawyers' contempt of the court and the ordinary proprieties is far worse and he gets no punishment at all.

INSTINCTIVE ENEMIES.

MISS SUMMERBOARD —" Oh, Mr. Hayly! do chase that horrid cow away. I don't like her looks."
FARMER HAYLY—" It 'pears tew be mutual, mum."

THE SPRING WHERE THE PEPPERMINT GREW.

THE merchant is tired of his books and his bills,
And the street with its traffic and roar,
And he thinks of a house in the heart of the hills
With a lavender-bed by the door,
And a humming of honey-bees under the thatch,
And a fragrance of clover and dew,
And a path leading down through the blackberry-patch
To the spring where the peppermint grew.

In a goblet of silver the cider was poured,
And a dipper was hung by the well,
But he drank at the spring from a long-handled gourd
As hard and as smooth as a shell.
The crickets made merry all day in the grass,
And the meadow with myrtle was blue,
And a cool, mossy rock overshadowed the glass
Of the spring where the peppermint grew.

The locks at his temples are sprinkled with gray,
And his eyes are beginning to blur,
But he pushes the letters and ledgers away,
For the pulses of youth are astir.
The remembered perfume of the peppermint steals
To his soul, as it did in the dew
When he trampled it under his naked brown heels,
At the edge of the spring where it grew.

So his desk is deserted, his window is down,
The door of his office is fast,
And a quaint little dame in a calico gown
By his coming is gladdened at last.
He will sleep in a white-curtained chamber to-night,
'Mid the scenes that in boyhood he knew,
And at morning again he will drink with delight
From the spring where the peppermint grew.

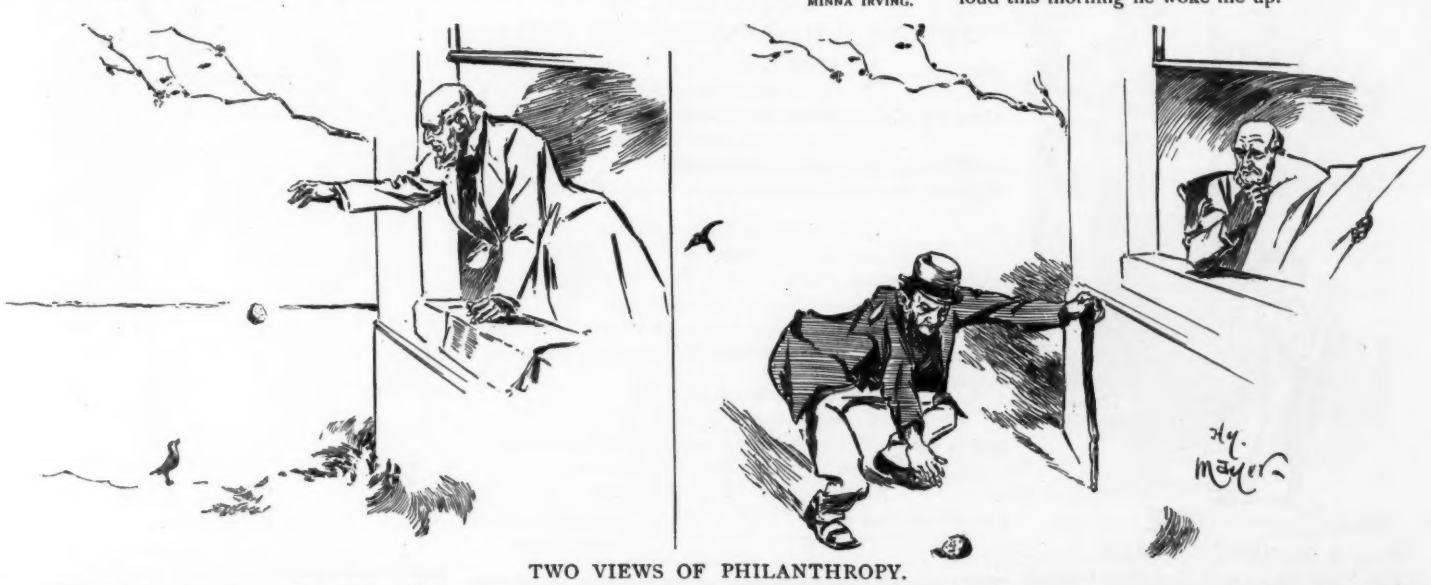
MINNA IRVING.

HE HAD A GOOD EXCUSE.

MRS. BENHAM —" I don't understand why you want to drink."
BENHAM — " Of course you don't; you've never had a wife."

A JUST COMPLAINT.

Little Maud (the first morning at the farm) — " Please, Mr. Brown, your rooster spoke so loud this morning he woke me up."



TWO VIEWS OF PHILANTHROPY.

"Ah, there's a poor, hungry little bird. I'll just throw the poor thing this bun."

FRAYED EDGMERE —" Say, this is luck; some bloke must 'a' lost it out of his dinner-pail. I'll just hypnotize it."

Photo. by Schloss.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MARIE VALLEAU.

Some of the prisoned laughter
Of the vintages of France
Is yours, and lingers after
The mirth has left your glance—
Like the twilight soft and tender,
Stealing o'er daylight's splendor.

THE TRIAL SCENE.

THE scene was laid in a police-court. The prisoner at the bar was a low-browed thug of the kind that we meet with in Richard Harding Davis's stories of the east side.

The accusers were a young married couple from Brooklyn. The burglar had been caught red-handed, and on the evidence before him the judge was prepared to make the sentence severe. The defense could do nothing save throw itself on the clemency of the court.

"Is the evidence all in?" inquired the judge.

"Let it please your honor," said the lawyer who represented the plaintiff, "the wife of my client wishes to make a statement."

"Well, madam," said the judge, "what is it?"

At first she wept aloud, then suddenly pulling herself together she darted a vengeful glance at the accused and relieved her mind in this wise:

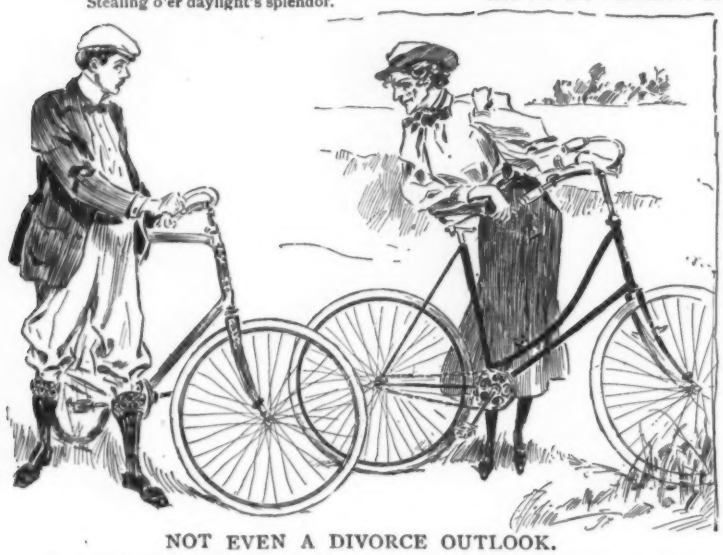
"Your honor, I didn't so much mind that this man was trying to rob us of our little treasures. We had several duplicate wedding-presents that I would have sold long ago if it were not for the sentiment connected with them, and I wouldn't so much have minded their being stolen; but when this brute was stumbling about the house he wakened the baby."

The face of the judge grew stern.

"Ten years," he exclaimed, "with hard labor."

He was a father himself.

Some people who knew Jones and had seen him wear a number-six boot in the States would be surprised at these; but they needn't, as he wears eight pairs of socks in them.



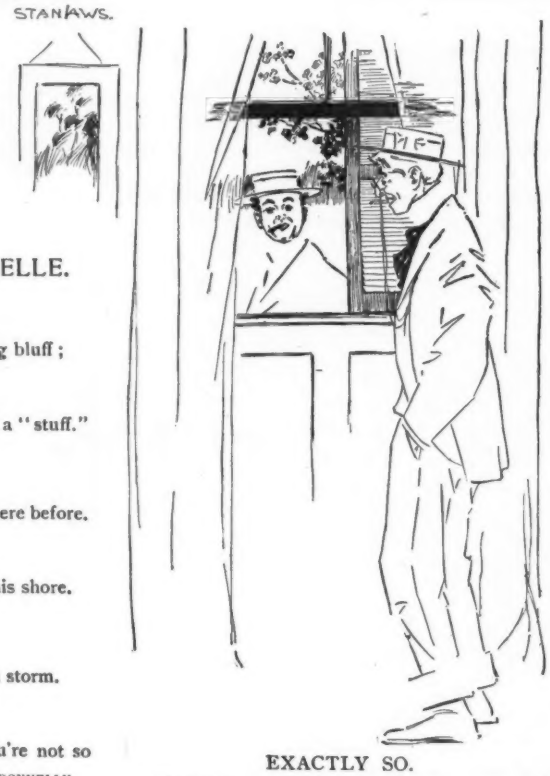
NOT EVEN A DIVORCE OUTLOOK.

BYKER (*thoughtlessly*) — "Would you like to accompany me on a century journey?"

MISS LEFTOVER—"Oh, Mr. Byker! this is so sudden."

AFTER HE SAID GOOD-NIGHT.

She (with a sigh) — "And Gertrude said he was 'hard to talk to.' Well, I guess she's right; he was here two hours and I couldn't get a word in edgewise!"



EXACTLY SO.

RACKETT—"The old man fired me out of the house day before yesterday and again to-day."

HACKETT—"Then yesterday you were between two fires."

A MOMENT OF BLISS.

"Oh, joy! joy! The proud beauty reckernizes me at last, an' the poor an' lowly orphin of Baxter street is 'appy."

NEPTUNE AND THE BICYCLE BELLE.

AS COOL as any icicle,
By day she rides her bicycle
Along the wind-swept sea-sands beneath the beetling bluff;
And by night she gayly scorches,
Nor bothers about torches,
While the boulevard's bike copper she recalls as but a "stuff."

But old Neptune had a new clause
Inserted in his blue laws
Since one vanished glowing summer when she was there before.
From his wat'ry throne prismatic
He had frowned on the pneumatic
And voted that no scorching should be done upon his shore.

So he sent a wave to catch her,
In speed equipped to match her,
And in shadow of his sceptre she was swept as by a storm.
When he saw her wave-wet bloomers
Neptune said, "In spite of rumors
I have heard that you're a scorcher you can go; you're not so warm."

THOMAS DONNELLY.

TH' HORSE has more human nature thin some min have.

JOHN WAS BASHFUL, MAUDE WASN'T.

"Maude, have you ever seen the children's game in which one tells off a rigmarole and the other says 'Just like me'?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Isn't it amusing?"

"Very. Suppose we try it?" faltered John.

"But you will be spokesman?"

"Very well," stammered John, trying to appear serenely at his ease—a difficult thing to do with a very red face and a general feeling of debility. "Now you must say 'Just like me' every time I pause."

"Yes," said Maude.

"Well, once upon a time, in an old mediæval castle, there sat a lady and a knight. Both were young, and one was passing fair"——

"Just like me!" exclaimed Maude with a pretty little gulp.

The gulp, not being on the programme, took John unawares. His memorized words fled, his mind became a blank; but, resolving to do or die, he went at it haphazard.

"The knight was a good fellow—I mean an ordinary—sinner—that is, no worse than the rest of the—the human family; but he had a desperate malady, a mental impediment, which kept him from appearing to advantage when he most desired — in short, a self-tortured and most contemptible wretch"——

"Just like me!" exclaimed Maude with saint-like resignation.

"No, no!" cried John.

"You paused," pouted Maude.

"But I — you — how could you"——

"Well, you must observe the rules or make a new code of by-laws," laughed Maude. "I'll forgive you this time, but avoid personalities in future, please. Proceed."

Poor John, looking like a disinherited mourner at a funeral, placed his right heel on his left patent-leather and mashed it beyond recognition as a means of recalling his fleeting faculties. "The knight—this knight of the long ago—loved the lady dearly, and thought—or had reason to think that she had sense—no, I mean discernment enough to know that she ought to love him"——

"Just like me," said Maude demurely; but if he could have seen that luscious wink to an imaginary audience!

"He revered the ground she trod on, and knew her heart to be as pure as the zephyrs that sigh through the realms of — of — of"——

"Bliss?" suggested Maude.

"Bliss. Thank you," gasped John, re-applying the patent-leather treatment. And then, following a sudden inspiration, he blurted out, "This knight, who was a natural-born chump; who seemed to have inherited the accumulated chumpery of twenty generations of raw-brained simpletons, at last spoke out like a man, told her she was the sweetest, dearest girl in all the world, and that he loved her to distraction—and she answered"——

"Oh, Jawn!"

E. C. SAVAGE.

A TEST CASE.

"Say, boss, I've just bin a-listenin' to a temperance lecture an' I think it's did me a heap uv good. Now I've got just ten cents in me pocket, an' I want yer ter pour me out a glass uv water an' a glass uv fust-rate whisky. I want ter see if I kin resist temptation—an' you'd better make th' whisky a pitcherful."

WHY, CERTAINLY.

MRS. GRABALL—"Ther boarders air kickin' 'bout ther milk bein' so blue."
FARMER GRABALL—"Tell 'em ther caow won't eat nuthin' 'cept blue grass."

A QUESTION OF CUISINE.

WHEN at barnstorming actors
The ribald audience pegs
Stale eggs, say, are they serving
A lot of hams with eggs?

HER CHOICE.

Enthusiastic cyclist (just after a century run)—"I tell you what, if I had to give up either I'd rather give up my wheel than my cyclometer."

IN THE LUNATIC-ASYLUM.

ONE LUNATIC (*to another*)—"Eh—what make wheel have you in your head?"

FROG-POND REPARTEE.

MR. FROG—"I hope none of those fishermen will catch you to-day."

MR. FISH—"Oh, I'm too fly for their flies and too sharp for their hooks. But you don't want to let that fellow with the gun see you."

MR. FROG—"Oh, I'm not so green as I look."

A PROVISO.

OW shall we send our mss.? We would fain
Find a reasonable answer to that.
The editor won't have them rolled, it is plain,
Yet insists that they should not be flat.

GREAT EVENT IN HIS LIFE.

"THEY had a little celebration over at Bagley's last night."

"Ah! anniversary of some important event in the family history, doubtless."

"Yes; it was ten years ago yesterday that Bagley left St. Louis."

DEAR GIRLS.

MADGE—"Mr. Spooner enjoys chatting with you immensely."
CLARA—"Indeed?"
MADGE—"Oh, yes. He says you keep the sun off him so nicely."

HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

Mrs. Dorcas—"Doesn't your husband ever try to amuse you?"

Mrs. Gayboy—"I shouldn't like to say that. Whenever he comes home late he gives me a song-and-dance."

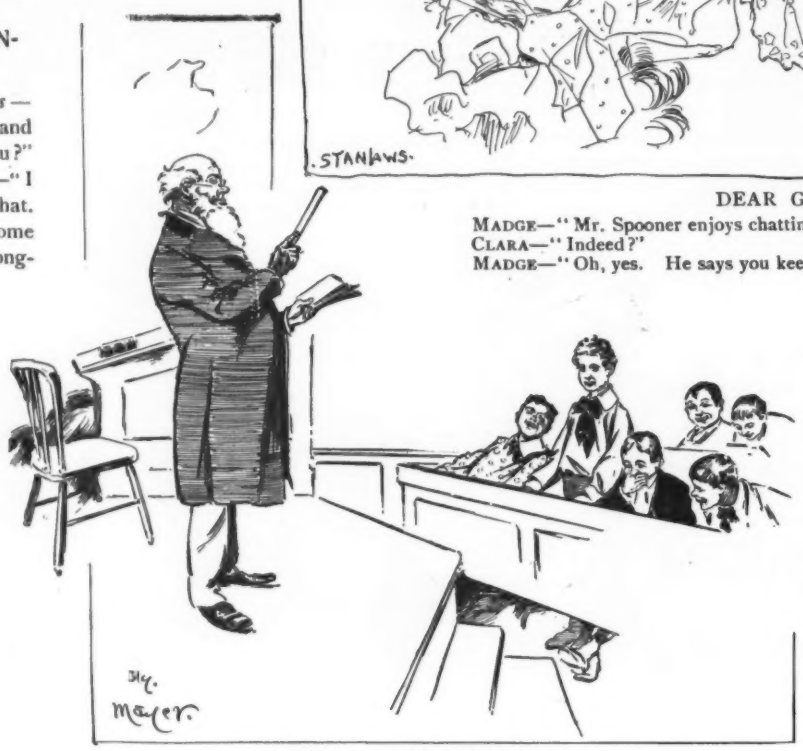
A FACT.

Catskill-mountain farmer—"Any berries to-day, ma'am?"

Ma'am—"How much are the berries?"

Catskill mountain farmer—"Well, I ought to git fourteen cents for them. They're hand-picked."

NIVER lick a felly thot's bigger 'n you, me b'y.



A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

TEACHER—"Johnson, tell me which are the vowels."
JOHNSON—"A, e, i, o, u."
TEACHER (*absent-mindedly*)—"How much?"

THE UNATTAINABLE.

HE TWISTS and turns, he chokes and gasps,
His shoulder-blades he tries to clutch;
His face grows purple as he grasps
At something he can never touch.
His writhing body backward bends,
His hands behind grope in the air;
And yet he cannot reach the ends
Of those suspenders hanging there.

TOM CHRYSTAL.

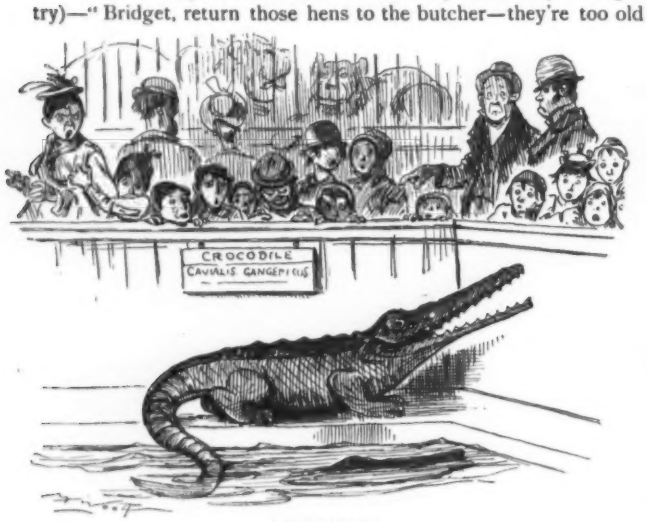
PATRIOTIC.

Askim—"I wonder why they put green lights in front of the police-stations?"

Tellum—"Don't you know that green is the national emblem of our police-force?"

TOO OLD TO EAT.

Mrs. Newwife (whose husband's family had always slaughtered their own poultry)—"Bridget, return those hens to the butcher—they're too old to eat—and tell him not to bring any more here without teeth. I may be new at housekeeping, but I won't be imposed upon."



EXPANSIVE.

"An' shure, Moike, does thim craytures always shmoile loike thot?"

"Do yez call thot a shmoile? Begorra, thin, if he wuz t' laugh th' top av his head wud cum aff."

LOST TO SIGHT.

Mrs. Hampack (of Chicago)—"I haven't heard from Mildred for a long time."

Mrs. Porkchops (also of Chicago)—"Neither have I. I don't even know her married name this year."

RID paint is thicker 'n blood.

HIS QUALIFICATIONS FOR BUSINESS.

ISAACSON—"I hear your son Jakey has failed in his examination."

SILVERSON—"Sure, he failed—dis is der fourth time. I'm going to oben a shtore fur him now. I t'ink he'll make a good peesness man."

A SPOILED COMPLIMENT.

YOU her mother? No; Time missed his measure.
Rather sisters, so the graces woo you.'
Then he added, as she smiled with pleasure,
"She looks old enough for sister to you"

UNAPPRECIATED TESTIMONY.

"BRETHREN and sisters," began a shifty-eyed man, rising in the midst of the salvation-army meeting, "I want to testify to-night to the blessed work that religion has done for me."

"Say on, brother!" cried the captain encouragingly; "say on."

"I am a cable-car gripman," continued the first speaker, "and, as most of you understand, my business is one in which patience and temper are often tried almost beyond endurance; and, as you also know, it is customary for men in my position to return an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth at the slightest provocation. But since I have received the sustaining consolation of the faith I have striven to be a meeker and better man."

"Hallelujah!" exclaimed a lassie triumphantly.

"Only yesterday," proceeded the speaker modestly, "I had an experience which tried me to the utmost, but gave me a glorious victory in the end. We were jolting along a crowded street, three minutes behind schedule time, when a well-dressed young man signaled me to stop. Between his lips was an unlighted cigar and in his fingers a match. When I had brought things to a standstill he carefully scratched the match on the side of the car and slowly lighted his cigar. When the weed was drawing freely he stepped back, thanked me with a polite nod, and waved me to go ahead. Had this occurred only a few weeks ago, before I began attending these meetings, I should have assailed that young man with an outburst of profanity that would have made his hair curl; but yesterday"——

"You resisted the temptation?" interrupted several eager voices.

"Yes, brethren and sisters. I pulled the lever and went onward without a word, counting one hundred to myself, and"——

"Stop right there, young man!" broke in the salvation-army captain sternly. "You seem to have forgotten that we were men and women of the world before becoming soldiers of the cross, and that some of us were liars, ourselves. There is a great deal of difference between a Christian and a confounded fool, my friend. Sit down!"

TOM P. MORGAN.

INQUISITION.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONDOR—"What! are you still weeping to think you're going to be sold, Abe?"

OLD ABE (*the bald-headed eagle*)—"It's not that that grieves me; it's whom I'm to be sold to."

THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONDOR—"Who is the purchaser?"

OLD ABE (*sadly*)—"A confounded hair-restorer crank. He is going to buy me to experiment on."

GRATIFYING.

Is this explorer going into raptures over the incomparable aurora borealis? Oh, no. He used to be an ice-dealer and is making a mental profit-calculation that one iceberg would pay off the national debt.

BACCHANTE.

THOUGH critics may condemn
And prudes treat him with rigor,
The sculptor, spite of them,
Has cut a pretty figure.

USUALLY THE WAY.

Quizzer—"I hear the Reverend Dr. Windjammer is going to the holy land."

Guyer—"Oh, no; he's too busy writing a book about it."

PROFESSIONAL ZEAL.

ACTOR (*incredulously*)—"What! do me eyes deceive me—Professor Hummin, the famous juggler, acting in a waiter's capacity?"

PROFESSOR HUMMIN—"Nothing strange. I always take this job towards the opening of the regular season. It gets my hand in for legitimate juggling, you see."

COULDN'T DO IT HIMSELF.

WEARY—"Yes'm; I discuvvered a wery rich gold-mine in Alasky."

SHE (*interested*)—"And didn't you stake a claim?"

WEARY—"No'm. Yer see, laber 's so high up dere dat I couldn't afford ter hire a man ter drive de stakes in fer me."

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TRIUMPHA

Prosperity snuffing out the

MPHANT!

out the nation's enemies.

MR. MCGARVEY TELLS A STORY.

ERE'S a shtory Oi'll be after tillin' yez av th' Murphys thot proves th' truth av some things thot ain't so. 'Twor this way:

Tim come home one noight wid a woild look in his oyes, for he'd been hearin' shtories av Mamie thot he wouldn't lishten to at all, an' he shlammed things about th' house in a quoiet way thot give th' girl t' undershtand thot somethin' wor up widout breakin' anything.

Suddenly, whoile he wor atin' supper, he shpoke in a supprissed but very loud voice.

"What's this Oi'm after hearin' about yez?" says he.

"What's thot, Tim?"

"Oi'm towld yez do be goin' t' visit an artisht divil," said he; an' thin his great tinder heart broke t' paices an' flowed in shtraims from his oyes.

"Oi'm towld," he wint on, "thot yez hov been visitin' a man in his shtudio widout raison, an' thot yez hov taken th' happiness av yer home wid yez, an' shcattered it loike ashes on th' pavemint. Ah, me girl, don't yez know thot th' happiniss thot is shcattered thus will take root an' raise a wilderniss about yez?"

Mamie looked at him for a minute wid her shwait blue oyes, an' thin she wint t' th' little tin box where she kept her treasures an' took somethin' out.

Tim sat wid his head on th' table, shtricken wid graif. Whin she shpoke to him he looked up. She handed him a card. He looked at it an' his oyes broightened.

"Little Dinnie!" he exclaimed.

"Shure," said she; "Oi hod it taken for a surproise t' yez, but yez surproised me firsht."

Th' broight look in his oyes got more so, an' foinally got thot broight thot he wint an' put his arms about her an' kished her on th' mouth.

"Oi'm a fool, darlin'," says he.

"Th' roight koind," says she.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

A PRECOCIOUS RETORT.

The little boy has been chased away from the door and reprimanded; he takes his revenge by adapting a popular song to the moment.

WARDING OFF JEALOUSY.

OLD GOTROKS (*savagely*) — "What's that! you mean to tell me that you love my daughter for herself alone?"

YOUNG HARDUPP (*tremulously*) — "Y-yes, sir—but I think I could l-learn to l-love you t-too, sir—in t-t-time, sir."

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

Gummey—"What is the difference between an ordinary foreign correspondent and a special journalistic commissioner?"

Glanders—"An ordinary correspondent gives the news in brief language, while a commissioner begins with, 'I am able to state positively,' or 'I am authorized to say,' and then doesn't tell much."

AN UNPARDONABLE SIN.

"HANDS up!" commanded the leader of the mob.

The scene was on Chicago's most crowded street, and as the victim tremblingly obeyed the leader said to another man, "You stand guard, Bill, while I help the boys hunt up some feathers."

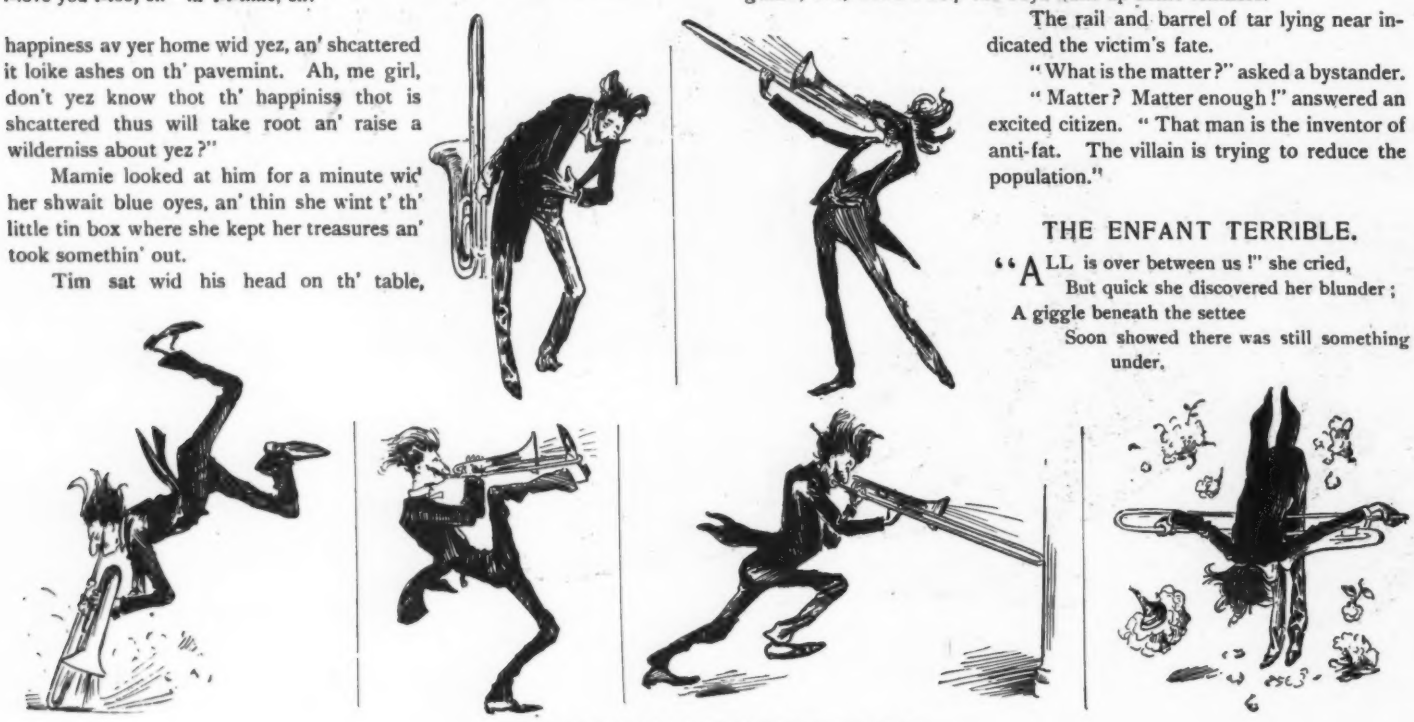
The rail and barrel of tar lying near indicated the victim's fate.

"What is the matter?" asked a bystander.

"Matter? Matter enough!" answered an excited citizen. "That man is the inventor of anti-fat. The villain is trying to reduce the population."

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE.

"ALL is over between us!" she cried,
But quick she discovered her blunder;
A giggle beneath the settee
Soon showed there was still something under.



THE ACROBATIC TROMBONE-PLAYER.

The correct and only way to make a decided hit in this athletic nineteenth century.

CHAFING,

Prickly Heat

and

Perspiration

quickly relieved by

PACKER'S

TAR SOAP.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

Do not be wrongfully prejudiced against a bottled Cocktail until you have tried the "Club" brand. The principle is correct, the ingredients the best, and the result is all that can be desired. Try them and satisfy yourself.

These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
39 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

KING OF ALL DRINKS

WERNER HALF PINT EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

25 ¢ A BOTTLE HAS NO PEER

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE AND POSSESSES A FLAVOR & NATURAL DRYNESS OF ITS OWN.

Served in all Restaurants, Hotels & Road-houses.

A. WERNER & CO., 52 WARREN ST. N.Y. CITY.

JUDGE'S LIBRARY is full of pure fun. No politics. 10c.

According to the *Saratogian*—"The crusade for better roads is becoming intense." Never was a crusade that wasn't intense, although most of them are in the past tense.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Good for your friends, your enemies, your own melancholy moods. Abbott's Angostura Bitters.

The women in Pennsylvania don't get their rights, and as a result nine-five men are buried in a mine at Pittston instead of ninety-five women.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

Champagne is a restorative if pure. *Cook's Imperial Champagne*, extra dry, has a century record for purity.

A little boy spent the day in the country at his grandmother's not long ago. Such a good time as he had, running and racing and shouting for all he was worth! At last night came and, tired and sleepy, the little boy sought repose. "Oh, grandmamma!" he cried as he kissed her good-night, "now I know what a hollerday really and truly is, for I've hollered all day long."—*Evening Sun.*

SCAT!

Deep down amid the shadows let him sink
Who owneth not the worth of printer's ink.
Few be his sales and scant his daily bread,
And e'en his wife and children rasp his head;
His only quiet found within his store,
His one amusement counting losses o'er;
Then, dying, drift into some unknown ill,
The notice of his death his only printer's bill.

WILLET F. COOK.

Trade-Mark.

Signature: C. H. Evans & Sons

Complete Label, Reduced Size.

All Ale and Brown Stout *bottled* by Evans' *at the brewery* bears this label in the shape of an oval, printed in *red* and *black*, with *trade-mark* and *signature*.

Take a Look

at a shirt waist made of a fabric produced by Mt. Vernon Mills and its merits will be obvious. It retains its shape better, holds its colors longer, looks better and wears better because of the superior construction of the material. When buying a shirt waist it pays to ask if the material was made by MOUNT VERNON MILLS.

An interesting book on the subject, Free.

Mount Vernon Mills, Philadelphia.

Famous for the LATHER

A BIG THICK CREAMY LATHER — RICHNESS — COMFORT — HEALING PROPERTIES — DELIGHT — FRAGRANCE — PLEASURE — LUXURY — SAFETY — COOL REFRESHED FEELING — SMOOTH VELVETY FACES — EASE

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—in principal forms—sold by Dealers everywhere.

Luxury Shaving Tablet 25 cents. Round—just fits the cup. Delicate perfume.

"Genuine Yankee" Soap 10 cents. Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.

Williams' Shaving Stick 25 cents.

Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers') This is the kind your barber should use. Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath. Used in thousands of the best families. Sure cure for "chapped hands." 6 cakes in a package—40 cts. Trial sample for 2 cent stamp.

NOTE—If your dealer fails to supply you—we mail these soaps to any address—postpaid—on receipt of price.

Address The J. B. Williams Co. Glastonbury, Ct. U.S.A.

LONDON: 74 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W. C. SYDNEY: 181 CLARENCE ST.

SO. 517

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO.,
Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

HIGH-CLASS TAILOR Hertel 255-5th AVE. N.Y. IMPORTER

THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT MAKES FLESH AND BLOOD AVOID SUBSTITUTES

EISNER & MENDELSON CO. NEW YORK, AGENTS

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of* 24 *pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St.; EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.; TOWER MANUFACTURING Co., 305 Broadway, New York. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market St., Philadelphia. HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk St., Boston. A. C. M'CLURG & Co., 117 Wabash Ave., Chicago. BROWN BROTHERS, Lim., 68 King St., Toronto.

"Oh My! Oh My! What do I Spy?"

Whitman's

CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

attract everybody—make those eat sweets who never ate before, while connoisseurs and candy-wise people want no others. Sold everywhere. Ask for them.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling water.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 Chestnut St., Phila.

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

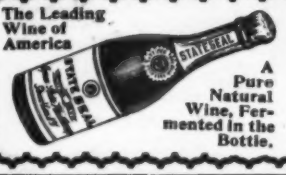
We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

A. R. Ledoux Pres't.

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

The Leading Wine of America



A Pure Natural Wine, Fermented in the Bottle.

State Seal Champagne

It's folly to buy foreign vintages when State Seal—the finest American production—can be had at half the cost, and is their superior in delicate bouquet and flavor.

If your Grocer or Wine Merchant does not keep it, write the

EMPIRE STATE WINE CO., - Penn Yan, N. Y.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"VIN MARIANI IS A NEW AND EXQUISITE SOURCE OF ENERGY, MARIANI IS A NEFACTOR OF MAN."

REV. FATHER DIDON.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

...: 41 Bd. Haussmann. ...don: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"I'm sorry to hear you have been ill. Had you to keep your bed?"
"No, miss; I had to sell it."

—*Pick-me-up.*

Bridget has a kitchen full of her company. *Mistress* (from the head of the stairs)—"Bridget!" *Bridget*—"Yis, mum." *Mistress*—"It's ten o'clock." *Bridget*—"Thank ye, mum; an' will yez be so koind as t' tell me whin it's twelve?"—*London Tid-Bits.*

"JUST AS GOOD."

Beware of the "just-as-good" humbug who will offer you a spurious substitute of any standard article like the "Angostura Bitters," the world-renowned South American tonic manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

With the usual air of the man who is positively sure he is a superior being when he is talking to his wife, he was telling her of the earth's population and the rapidity with which people died. "Did you know, my dear," he remarked most impressively, "that one person dies every time you breathe?" "Yes," she responded; "and one would die every time you didn't breathe if you tried it very long." Somehow after that his interest in the subject seemed to languish.—*New York Sun.*

Somerset Club

Absolutely Pure, Very Old, Delicious Flavor.

Maryland Rye.

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

They Are in the Air You Breathe,

The Germs of Disease, Which Cause Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, and Hay Fever.

It's Through the Air Only that These Diseases Can Be Treated Successfully.

It must be DRY AIR. Liquids, sprays and douches CAN NOT enter the bronchial tubes and lungs, or reach all parts of the air-passages. Herein lies the secret of the great success of

"Hyomei,"

the New Australian Treatment for all diseases of the head, throat and lungs. The air which you breathe from Booth's Inhaler is laden with the most powerful antiseptics known. It is perfectly dry and at once kills all germs of disease, healing the parts affected, and bringing immediate relief to the sufferer.

IT CURES BY INHALATION.

Every Bottle of "Hyomei" is Guaranteed.

Your druggist has it, or can get it if you insist. There is no substitute. Pocket Inhaler Outfit at druggist's, or by mail, $1.00. Extra bottles Inhaler, 50 cents. Hyomei Balm, 25 cents.

R. T. BOOTH CO., 23 East 20th St., New York.
Sold by all druggists.

NO MORE DULL RAZORS!

French Razor Strop Composition, "ZEOLITHE,"

is Warranted to put the Keenest Edge on the Dullest Razor. Sample by mail, 15 cents. THE ZEOLITHE CO., 1470 Herkimer St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dobbins's Floating-Borax is 100 per cent. pure and doesn't turn yellow with age. It is not an imitation of anything, but better than any other floating soap made. Be sure above name is on each wrapper and cake. Red wrappers only.

To Advertisers.

...SEND FOR...

"SPECIAL OFFER"

FOR SPACE IN

Judge Library Magazine,

the Little Monthly with the Big Circulation.

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE JOSEPH LADUE

Gold Mining and Development Company of Yukon.

Organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

Capital Stock, - - - - $5,000,000

Divided into 500,000 shares of $10 each, fully paid and non-assessable, of which 250,000 shares are now offered for subscription at par, payable one-half on application and one-half on notice of acceptance of subscription. Shares will be allotted in the order in which subscriptions are received.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST OF THE COMPANY IS NOW OPEN, AND THE RIGHT TO CLOSE THE SAME WITHOUT NOTICE IS HEREBY EXPRESSLY RESERVED BY THE COMPANY.

A CONSIDERABLE PORTION OF THIS ISSUE HAS BEEN PRIVATELY SUBSCRIBED.

DIRECTORS:

MR. JOSEPH LADUE, of Dawson, Northwest Territory.
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of New York, President New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.
HON. C. H. MAC INTOSH, of Regina, Lieutenant-Governor Northwest Territory.
HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, of New York, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States and President of the Lincoln National Bank.
MR. ELMER F BOTSFORD, of Plattsburg, New York.
MR. ELI A. GAGE, of Chicago, Secretary of the North American Transportation and Trading Company of the Yukon.
MR. H. WALTER WEBB, of New York, Third Vice-President New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.
MR. WILLIAM J. ARKELL, of New York, publisher *Judge* and *Leslie's Weekly*.
HON. SMITH M. WEED, of Plattsburg, New York, President of the Chateaugay Railroad Company.
HON. J. NESBITT KIRCHOFFER, of Manitoba, Senator of the Dominion of Canada.
MR. JOHN CARSTENSEN, of New York, Comptroller of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.
MR. IRWIN C. STUMP, of New York, ex-Director Anaconda Mining Company.
MR. EDWIN G. MATURIN, of Jersey City, Secretary of The Corporation Trust of New Jersey.
MR. THOMAS W. KIRKPATRICK, of Dawson, Northwest Territory, Resident Superintendent.

OFFICERS:

President and General Manager—MR. JOSEPH LADUE.
First Vice-President—HON. SMITH M. WEED.
Second Vice-President—HON. C. H. MAC INTOSH.
Treasurer-Secretary—MR. ELMER F. BOTSFORD.

OFFICES: 20 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Bankers—The United States National Bank of New York.

MR. LADUE WAS THE PIONEER OF THE KLONDIKE.

Arriving there in advance of all others, he had the first choice of its varied riches. For 15 years a resident of the upper Yukon, his experience enabled him to promptly select and acquire the choicest gold properties, to pre-empt the most available ground for a town site, and to possess himself of those interests which are most largely and quickly profitable in new mining fields. His foresight has made him a controlling factor in the mineral and industrial development of the upper Yukon. With a business grown beyond the capacity of one man to handle,

MR. LADUE HAS ORGANIZED THIS COMPANY

to assist in developing the valuable mineral and other properties, described as follows:

MR. LADUE TURNS OVER TO THIS COMPANY:

1—Gold placer claims aggregating 1,000 feet in length located in the heart of the Gold Bottom Mining District of the Klondike. Development has proved the pay streak to be four feet thick and to carry $12 per cubic foot in coarse nugget gold. Estimating on the work already done, TEN MEN WITH PROPER MACHINERY SHOULD EXTRACT $30,000 PER WEEK from this property, and its total yield should far exceed $10,000,000. Mr. Kirkpatrick, resident Superintendent, has been active all summer in acquiring other placer property for Mr. Ladue, covering a mile of the richest Klondike gravels and which this company has right to take over.

2—A GOLD-BEARING QUARTZ PROPERTY 1,500 FEET IN LENGTH BY 600 FEET IN WIDTH, located on the ridge east of Gold Bottom Creek, the vein having slate for its hanging wall and porphyry for its foot wall. From the topography of the land and the geological indications, it is thought by persons well acquainted with the district that THIS IS THE MOTHER LODE FROM WHICH THE MILLIONS OF TREASURE OF THE GOLD BOTTOM MINING DISTRICT HAVE BEEN DRAWN. The lode shows an enormous outcrop of ore which assays $300.00 per ton and is free milling. Arrangements are being made to put a stamp-mill on this property, and when completed this mine will be a rich producer for many years.

3—A "Timber Berth" from the Canadian Government, conferring exclusive right to cut timber on both sides of the river for a distance of 15 miles from Dawson, THUS GIVING THE COMPANY A PRACTICAL MONOPOLY OF THE LUMBER BUSINESS.

4—A large saw-mill built by Mr. Ladue at Dawson City, which at the time of his departure was EARNING AN AVERAGE OF $1,350 A DAY NET—enough to pay a 3 per cent. dividend on the capital stock of the company.

5—Eighty choice business lots, each 25 feet front, in the centre of the city of Dawson. Some of these lots will be sold. On others buildings will be erected which can be rented easily at a great profit.

6—A Canadian charter of great value, which permits the company to engage in every variety of mining and industrial enterprise, to build and operate railways, steamboats, etc. This charter gives greater powers than any now obtainable, and frees the company from many difficulties to be confronted by other foreign companies seeking to operate on the Klondike.

Mr. Joseph Ladue will continue to manage these properties and give his entire time to their development, assisted by his partner, Mr. Thomas W. Kirkpatrick, of Dawson City, who is now on the ground and who becomes the Superintendent of the Company.

THE SUM OF $1,000,000 IN CASH will be set aside for the development of the placer and quartz claims and for the general operations of the Company under its charter. This Company has laid its foundations substantially and carefully upon a business basis, and the character of its Directory is a guarantee that the administration will be marked by conservatism, sagacity, and enterprise.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

Application for shares should be addressed to the offices of the Company, 20 NASSAU STREET, New York City, and should be accompanied by check for one-half of the amount of the shares subscribed, drawn to the order of Mr. Elmer F. Botsford, Treasurer.

For prospectus and general information address the Secretary. The President of the Company will answer all inquiries.

It should be borne in mind that this Company acquires from Mr. Ladue properties estimated capable of earning large dividends on its stock from its placer and lumber interests alone, and that these returns will be very greatly increased from the output of its quartz mining and other contemplated enterprises.

Great Western

The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

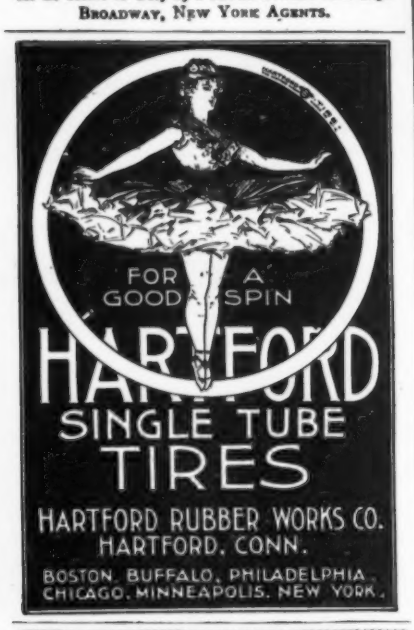
—FOR PARTICULARS, PRICES, ETC.—

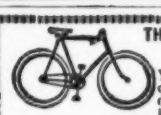
Address,

Pleasant Valley Wine Company,

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.

H. B. Kirk & Co., 69 Fulton Street and 1158 Broadway, New York Agents.





THOUSANDS OF OTHERS HAVE EARNED A BICYCLE

You can do it easily and quickly. Send name and address on postal for particulars to **Bicycle Gum Co.,** 1025 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Wide-awake Advertisers are already speaking for space in the

CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

A 300,000 issue this year.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

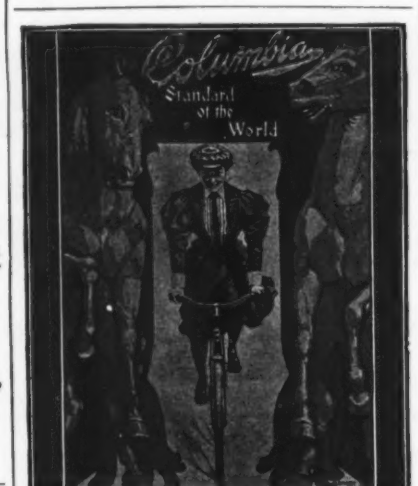
Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail, 50c. and $1.00 per box.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

You see, the iceman who stole the diamond ring had laid down the piece of ice and, turning quickly, mistook the lump of diamond for the lump of ice, and that is why the hurry-up wagon was called.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

No man ever really believes that a girl was never kissed, but he likes to hear how well she can say it.—If some girls had their wedding-outfit burned up the day before they wouldn't see anything to get married for.—*New York Press.*

It really seems a pity, but they cannot leave the city, the father and the mother and the children large and small; but their reason is sufficient, for their cook is quite proficient, and she wouldn't leave the city for the country—that is all.—*Boston Budget.*



1897 Models, $75 to all alike.

Hartford Bicycles, $50, $45, $40, $30.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

Anything about Life Insurance

The Prudential

can tell you, and sell you, any form of policy which may be desired.

The PRUDENTIAL has the STRENGTH of GIBRALTAR.

THE PRUDENTIAL

is one of the most progressive Companies in the world. It has

Assets,	- -	$19,541,827
Income,	- -	14,158,445
Surplus,	- -	4,034,116

Write THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA,

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

ED. PINAUD'S PARIS 37 Boulevard de Strasbourg.

EAU DE QUININE

HAIR TONIC.

THIS REMARKABLE TOILET PREPARATION HAS NO EQUAL FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR AND WILL, AFTER A FEW APPLICATIONS, GIVE THE SCALP NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.

THE BEST HAIR RESTORER. A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE.

SHOULD BE ON THE DRESSING TABLE OF EVERY GENTLEMAN AND GENTLEWOMAN.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS IN JUDGE'S THIRD PUZZLE CONTEST.

THERE were received 97,300 solutions to the puzzles in the third contest. Out of the total number of contestants it will be seen that three only were able to solve correctly every one of the forty puzzles. These persons, of course, secure the three first prizes, the remaining seventeen prizes going to those who first sent in correct solutions to thirty-nine out of forty of the puzzles.

THE FOLLOWING CONTESTANTS SOLVED ALL OF THE FORTY PUZZLES CORRECTLY.

MRS. W. H. NEVINS, 2251 Highland Ave., Birmingham, Ala., (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 10 P. M.)	FIRST PRIZE, $100
MRS. E. B. PICE, West Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., (Complete set of answers mailed August 16th, 3:30 P. M.)	SECOND PRIZE, $25
L. J. BRENGLE, Bryn Mawr, Pa., (Complete set of answers mailed August 19th, 9:30 A. M.)	THIRD PRIZE, $20

THE FOLLOWING WERE THE FIRST TO SOLVE THIRTY-NINE OUT OF FORTY PUZZLES CORRECTLY.

W. S. KENNELLY, 2333 Second Ave., New York, (Complete set of answers mailed August 13th, 1 P. M.)	FOURTH PRIZE, $15
H. E. BENSON, 1115 U St., Washington, D. C., (Complete set of answers mailed August 13th, 2 P. M.)	FIFTH PRIZE, $10
BLANCHE OSBORN, care of L. D. Brown, 254 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., (Complete set of answers mailed August 13th, 5 P. M.)	SIXTH PRIZE, $10
W. E. COOK, care of J. L. Deming, Hartford, Conn., (Complete set of answers mailed August 13th, 11 P. M.)	SEVENTH PRIZE, $5
W. F. STANTON, Bridgeport, Conn., (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 12 M.)	EIGHTH PRIZE, $5
C. H. DE WAAL, 1334 So. 24th St., Omaha, Neb., (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 2 P. M.)	NINTH PRIZE, $5
GEORGE BLAGDEN, JR., 18 East 36th St., New York, (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 2:30 P. M.)	TENTH PRIZE, $5
HARRY C. SCHWENLEIN, Glendora Ave., South of Nixon, Corryville, Cincinnati, Ohio, (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 2:30 P. M.)	ELEVENTH PRIZE, $5
ARTHUR B. MATSON, Box 24, Home City, Hamilton Co., Ohio, (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 6 P. M.)	TWELFTH PRIZE, $5
JOSEPHINE L. THOMPSON, 20 Kilby St., Boston, Mass., (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 6 P. M.)	THIRTEENTH PRIZE, $5
MRS. AGNES H. GRIGSON, Iron Mountain, Mich., (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 7:30 P. M.)	FOURTEENTH PRIZE, $5
ELLA G. PARKER, 6122 Monroe Ave., Chicago, Ill., (Complete set of answers mailed August 14th, 9 P. M.)	FIFTEENTH PRIZE, $5
J. H. DURHAM, Bedford, Ind., (Complete set of answers mailed August 15th, 7 A. M.)	SIXTEENTH PRIZE, $5
GEO. S. MORGAN, Pawtucket, R. I., (Complete set of answers mailed August 15th, 9 A. M.)	SEVENTEENTH PRIZE, $5
ALICE WALDO, 338 East 63d St., Chicago, Ill., (Complete set of answers mailed August 15th, 10 A. M.)	EIGHTEENTH PRIZE, $5
MRS. E. WALLACE, 423 West 32d St., New York, (Complete set of answers mailed August 16th, 1:30 P. M.)	NINETEENTH PRIZE, $5
MISS A. AUGUSTA COYLE, 418 Market St., Chester, Pa., (Complete set of answers mailed August 16th, 5:30 P. M.)	TWENTIETH PRIZE, $5

JUDGE'S FIFTH PRIZE-PUZZLE CONTEST

will start in next week's issue of the paper. There will be twenty cash prizes, aggregating $250, to be competed for. *See that your newsdealer saves you a copy of that number of JUDGE.*

The correct answers to the forty puzzles of the Fourth Contest (the last ten of which are published on the opposite page) will be given in JUDGE No. 834, issued September 25th, and the names of the prize-winners will appear in the following number, viz, No. 835.

The *last day for the receipt* of solutions in the *Fourth Puzzle Contest* is *September 25th.* They must all be in our hands before noon of that day.

JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Arnold Constable & Co

FALL NOVELTIES.

Choice Selection of the Latest

Fall Styles and Fabrics in

SILKS, VELVETS,

DRESS GOODS,

MOURNING REQUISITES,

SUITINGS AND CLOTHS,

for Tailor-made Gowns.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A New York bachelor asserts that many women think they want a vote when all they want is a voter.—*Galveston News.*

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31

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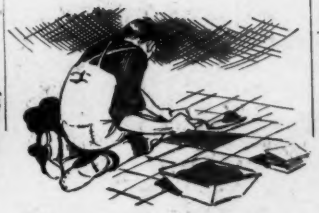

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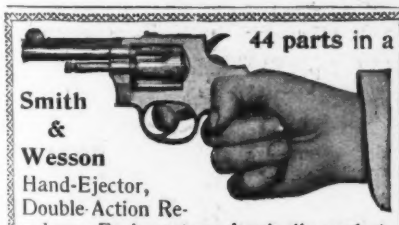

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JIMMY KELLY (*4 p. m.*)—"Our mudders will lick de stuffin' out uv us when we git home fer goin' swimmin'."
TOMMY GRADY—"Naw, dey won't—not if yer do w'ot I tell yer. Listen!" (*Deep conference.*)

JIMMY KELLY (*4:30 p. m., at Mrs. Grady's*)—"Oh, Mrs. Grady! yer son Tommy an' I wuz in swimmin' an' Tommy got a cramp an' went down t'ree times an' never come up onct, an'"——
MRS. GRADY—"Och! th' poor, dear angel is drowned!" (*Faints.*)

TOMMY GRADY (*4:30 p. m., at Mrs. Kelly's*)—"Oh, Mrs. Kelly! yer son Jimmy an' I wuz in swimmin' an' he stepped inter a hole, an' dere wuz a whirlpool dere, an' he fergot how ter swim an' sank out uv sight, an'"——
MRS. KELLY—"Och! th' poor, blessid saint is drowned!" (*Faints.*)

JIMMY KELLY (*at home, 5 p. m.*)—"Yes, mudder, I did git in over me head an' t'o't I'd never git out alive; but when I t'o't uv me dear mudder needin' me services ter shovel wood an' split coal I jes' gritted me teeth an' rolled right over an' over on de bottom till I got ashore. I'm glad yer appreciate me so much, mudder. Yes, I do feel kind uv faint, but I kin eat dis short-cake, too, I guess."

TOMMY GRADY (*at home, 5 p. m.*)—"Yes, mudder, I got de cramps terrible an' down I went t'ree times, an' de las' time I went down I t'o't uv me dear mudder, an' how good she wuz ter me, an' I crawled right ashore on de bottom. I couldn't bear to die an' leave you, mudder. Oh, t'anks! Dis jam is som'thin' great an' helps ter take de taste uv de water out uv me stomach. Yes, mudder, yer kin kiss me ag'in if yer want."

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MRS. GRADY / MRS. KELLY (*next day*)—"Och, Mrs. Kelly, / Mrs. Grady, did yez hear about me darlint choild Tommy / Jimmy gettin' well-nigh drowned yisterday, an' nothin' but the blessin's uv God an' love uv his mother saved him, an' your son Jimmy / Tommy lookin' on?" etc., etc. (*But as both ladies talk at once, and neither pays the slightest attention to the other, Tommy and Jimmy get out of it all right.*)

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